ISSN 0712-7774

CEREBUS

GOING HOME

31

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262
JAN

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JAN

CEREBUS
NO. 262 JANUARY 2001

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ZZZ

I talked it over with my buddy Al—Al Bunce. Yes. *The* Al Bunce. You know. The winner of the Russ Manning Newcomer of the Year award at San Diego this year for his comic book *ZZZ*. Yeah. The one that got the rave review in *The Comics Journal*. Batton plugged it in *Supernatural Law*. Peter David plugged it. And it's the first comic book Al drew—*ever*. Amazing? You got that right. And, see (lean a little closer):

see, I *jam* with Al Bunce at the Toronto Comic Jam at Cameron House. No, no. Seriously. Last Tuesday of every month. So, anyway, I *says* to Al (you know, real casual-like), I says, So, Al. How many copies of *ZZZ* you figure you have left? 'Cause he's like this, you know, big award-winner and all. And he says, he says, Oh. A few. Like *he's* not giving away any *secrets*, right?

So I says to him, I says (lean in a little closer):

I says, Howzabout if I was to offer the last…*few*…to *Cerebus* fans? You know. Like a special deal where, if they send you four bucks U.S. or five bucks Canadian, you make sure that they get one of the last…*few*…copies of *ZZZ*. And maybe you could even autograph it to 'em if they want. Just, on account of, you know, you and me we're, like, both Toronto Comic Jam guys. So Al, Al, he says to me: Sure. Sounds. Okay. To. Me. I swear to you, those were his exact words. So, Al's *address* (you got a pen handy? Good.), Al's address is: 66 Pacific Avenue #1509, Toronto, Ontario, M6P 2P4, CANADA. Just, you know, tell 'im "Dave" sent you.

GOING HOME

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BOOK ONE
Sudden Moves
(Cerebus 232 to 239)

•

BOOK TWO
Fall and the River
(Cerebus 240 to 250)

•

BOOK THREE
Form & Void
(Cerebus 251 to 265) .

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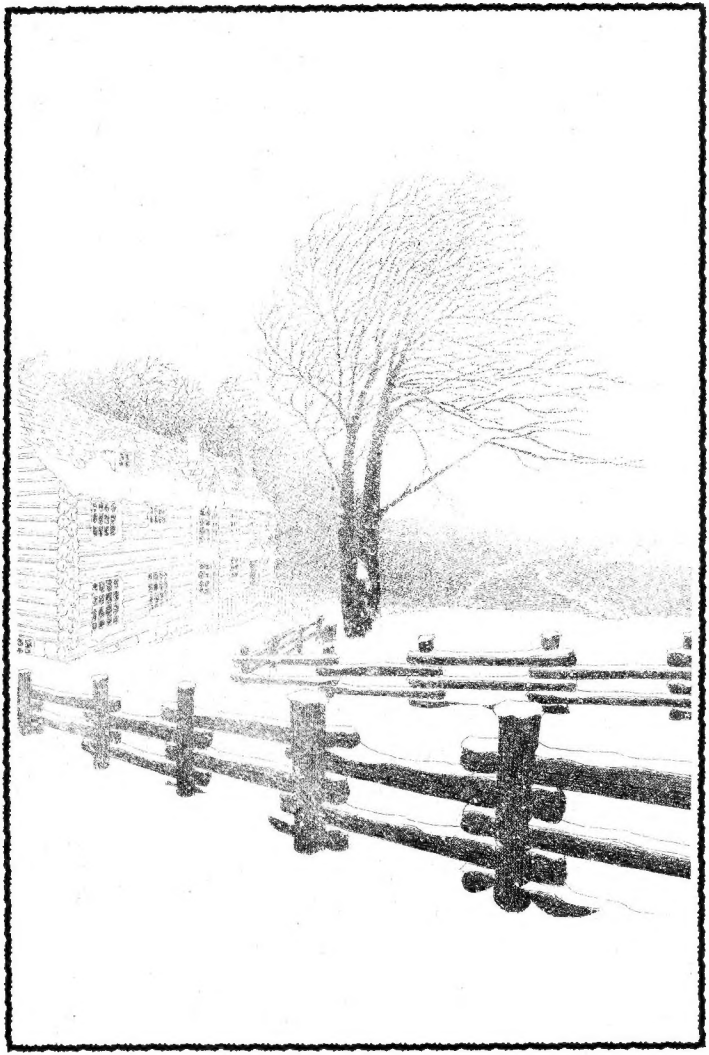
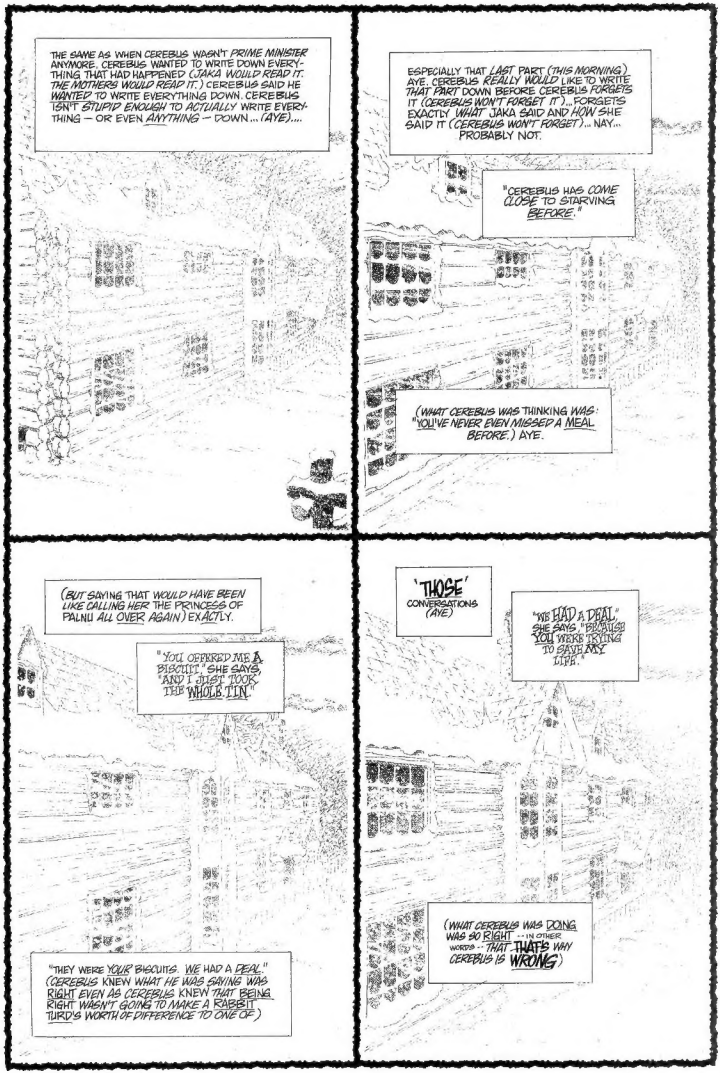
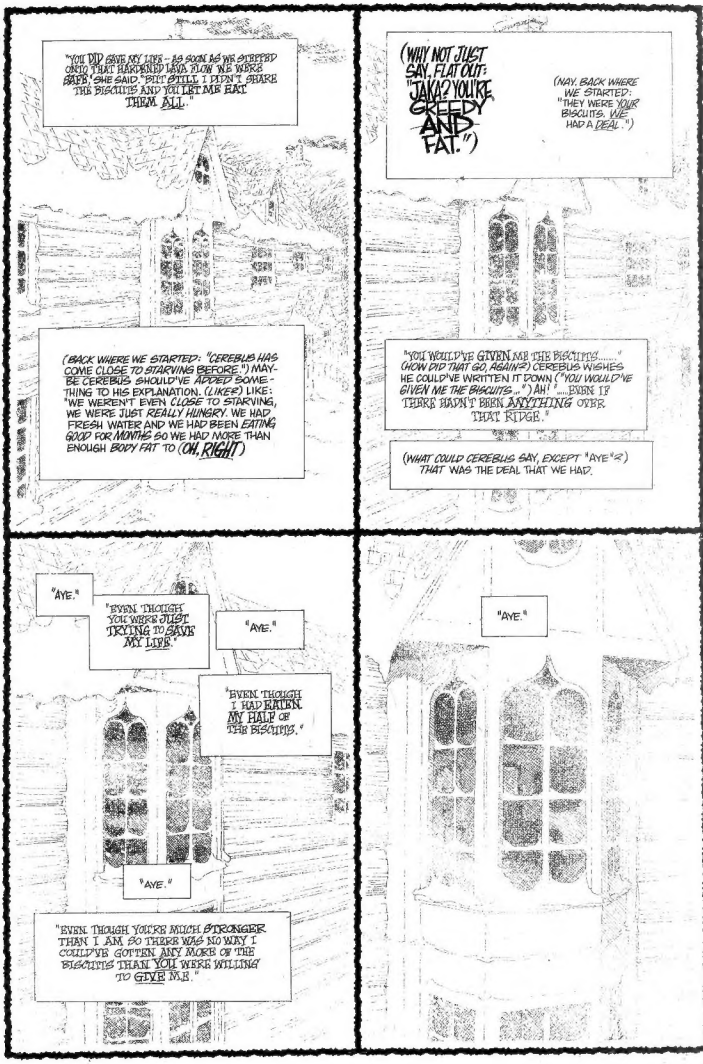
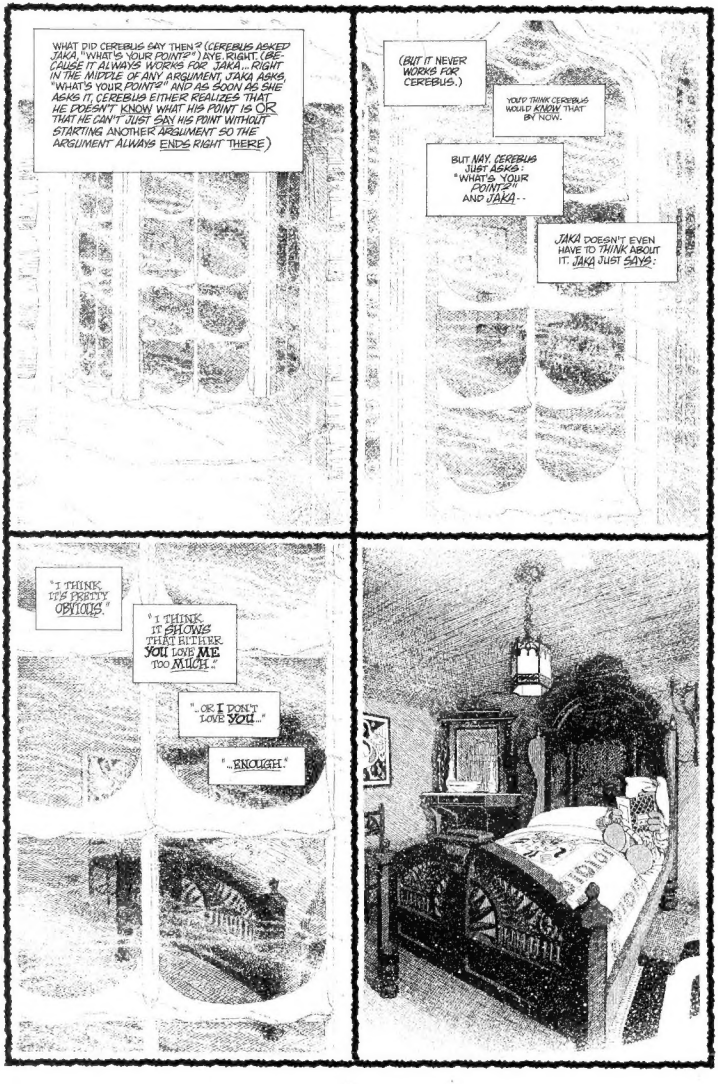


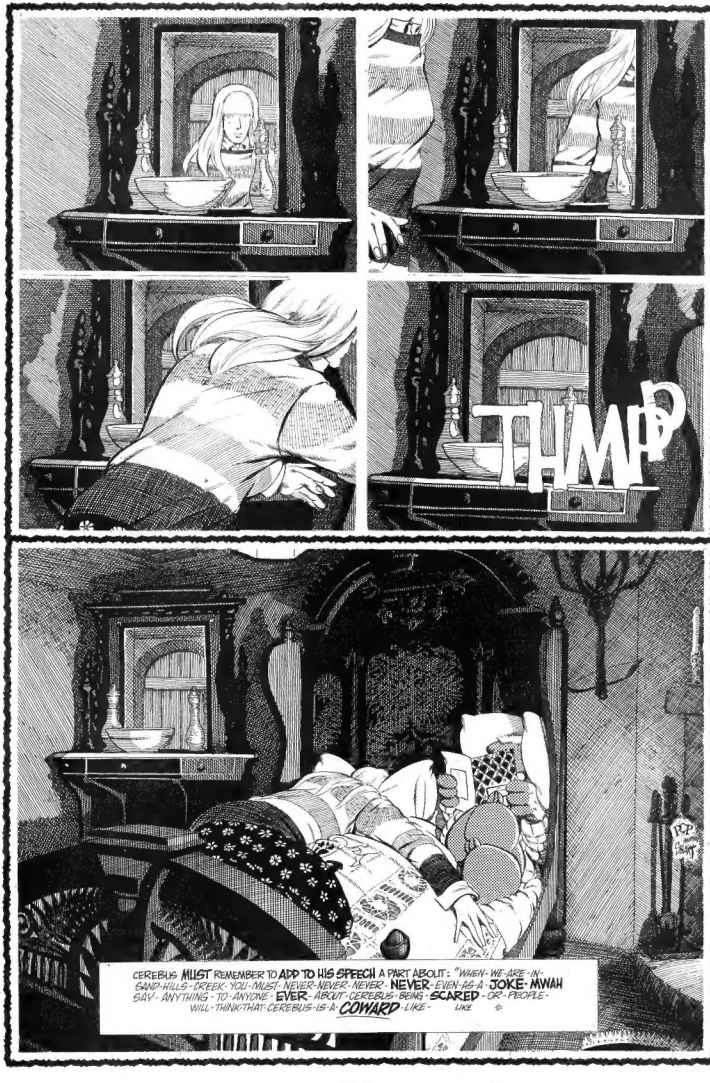

THE SAME AS WHEN CEREBUS WASN'T PRIME MINISTER ANYMORE. CEREBUS WANTED TO WRITE DOWN EVERYTHING THAT HAD HAPPENED (JAKA WOULD READ IT. THE MOTHERS WOULD READ IT.) CEREBUS SAID HE WANTED TO WRITE EVERYTHING DOWN. CEREBUS ISN'T STUPID ENOUGH TO ACTUALLY WRITE EVERYTHING — OR EVEN ANYTHING — DOWN... (AYE)....
ESPECIALLY THAT LAST PART (THIS MORNING) AYE. CEREBUS REALLY WOULD LIKE TO WRITE THAT PART DOWN BEFORE CEREBUS FORGETS IT (CEREBUS WON'T FORGET IT)... FORGETS EXACTLY WHAT JAKA SAID AND HOW SHE SAID IT (CEREBUS WON'T FORGET)... NAY... PROBABLY NOT.
"CEREBUS HAS COME CLOSE TO STARVING BEFORE."
(WHAT CEREBUS WAS THINKING WAS: "YOU'VE NEVER EVEN MISSED A MEAL BEFORE.") AYE.
(BUT SAYING THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE CALLING HER THE PRINCESS OF PALNU ALL OVER AGAIN.) EXACTLY.
"YOU OFFERED ME A BISCUIT," SHE SAYS, "AND I JUST TOOK THE WHOLE TIN."
"THEY WERE YOUR BISCUITS. WE HAD A DEAL." (CEREBUS KNEW WHAT HE WAS SAYING WAS RIGHT EVEN AS CEREBUS KNEW THAT BEING RIGHT WASN'T GOING TO MAKE A RABBIT TURD'S WORTH OF DIFFERENCE TO ONE OF)
'THOSE' CONVERSATIONS (AYE)
"WE HAD A DEAL," SHE SAYS. "PROMISE YOU WERE TRYING TO SAVE MY LIFE."
(WHAT CEREBUS WAS DOING WAS SO RIGHT — IN OTHER WORDS — THAT THAT'S WHY CEREBUS IS WRONG)


"YOU DID SAVE MY LIFE - AS SOON AS WE STEPPED ONTO THAT HARDENED LAVA FLOW WE WERE SAFE," SHE SAID. "BUT STILL I DIDN'T SHARE THE BISCUITS AND YOU LET ME EAT THEM ALL."
(BACK WHERE WE STARTED: "CEREBUS HAS COME CLOSE TO STARVING BEFORE.") MAYBE CEREBUS SHOULD'VE ADDED SOMETHING TO HIS EXPLANATION. (LIKE?) LIKE: "WE WEREN'T EVEN CLOSE TO STARVING, WE WERE JUST REALLY HUNGRY. WE HAD FRESH WATER AND WE HAD BEEN EATING GOOD FOR MONTHS SO WE HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH BODY FAT TO (OH, RIGHT!)
(WHY NOT JUST SAY, FLAT OUT: "JAKA? YOU'RE GREEDY AND FAT.")
(NAY. BACK WHERE WE STARTED: "THEY WERE YOUR BISCUITS. WE HAD A DEAL.")
"YOU WOULD'VE GIVEN ME THE BISCUITS....." (HOW DID THAT GO, AGAIN?) CEREBUS WISHES HE COULD'VE WRITTEN IT DOWN ("YOU WOULD'VE GIVEN ME THE BISCUITS...") AH! ....EVEN IF THERE HADN'T BEEN ANYTHING OVER THAT RIDGE."
(WHAT COULD CEREBUS SAY, EXCEPT "AYE"?) THAT WAS THE DEAL THAT WE HAD.
"AYE."
"EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE JUST TRYING TO SAVE MY LIFE."
"AYE."
"EVEN THOUGH I HAD EATEN MY HALF OF THE BISCUITS."
"AYE."
"EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE MUCH STRONGER THAN I AM, SO THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD'VE GOTTEN ANY MORE OF THE BISCUITS THAN YOU WERE WILLING TO GIVE ME."
"AYE."


WHAT DID CEREBUS SAY THEN? (CEREBUS ASKED JAKA "WHAT'S YOUR POINT?") AYE. RIGHT. (BECAUSE IT ALWAYS WORKS FOR JAKA... RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ANY ARGUMENT, JAKA ASKS, "WHAT'S YOUR POINT?" AND AS SOON AS SHE ASKS IT, CEREBUS EITHER REALIZES THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HIS POINT IS OR THAT HE CAN'T JUST SAY HIS POINT WITHOUT STARTING ANOTHER ARGUMENT SO THE ARGUMENT ALWAYS ENDS RIGHT THERE)
(BUT IT NEVER WORKS FOR CEREBUS.)
YOU'D THINK CEREBUS WOULD KNOW THAT BY NOW.
BUT NAY. CEREBUS JUST ASKS: "WHAT'S YOUR POINT?" AND JAKA--
JAKA DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IT. JAKA JUST SAYS:
"I THINK IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS."
"I THINK IT SHOWS THAT EITHER YOU LOVE ME TOO MUCH."
"...OR I DON'T LOVE YOU..."
"...ENOUGH."

ALL OF WHICH LEAVES CEREBUS A LONG, LONG, LONG, LONG, LONG WAY FROM FINDING A WAY TO START HIS "OH-BY-THE-WAY-THAT-REMINDS-CEREBUS, CEREBUS-HAS-BEEN-MEANING-TO-TALK-TO-YOU-ABOUT-HOW-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-ISN'T-LIKE-TEST-OR-PALNU-AND-EVEN-THOUGH-IT-SOUNDS-TO-YOU-MWAH!-AND-TO-CEREBUS-AS-IF-WE-ARE-JUST-HAVING-A-NWAH!-GOOD-DISCUSSION-ABOUT-SOMETHING-MWAH!-IN-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-WHEN-A-WOMAN-TALKS-TO-A-MAN-LIKE-THAT-IT-IS-CALLED-"MOUTHING OFF"-AND-IT-CAN-CAUSE-BOTH-THE-MAN-AND-THE-WOMAN-TO-BE-TREATED-PERMANENTLY-WORSE-THAN-DOGS-SO-THAT-THE-MAN-AND-THE-WOMAN-ARE-FORCED-TO-LEAVE-IF-WORD-GETS-AROUND-THAT-THE-WOMAN-IS-"MOUTHING OFF"-A-LOT-AND-CEREBUS-IS-NOT-SAYING-WE-CAN-NEVER-DISCUSS-ANYTHING-IT-IS-JUST-THAT-IN-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-THOSE-DISCUSSIONS-TAKE-PLACE-QUIETLY-AND-BEHIND-CLOSED-DOORS-SO-THE-MAN-AND-WOMAN-CAN-CONTINUE-TO-LIVE-IN-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-AND-CONTINUE-TO-BE-TREATED-LIKE-A-MAN-AND-WOMAN-AND-NOT-WORSE-THAN-DOGS-AND-CEREBUS-THANKS-YOU FOR-BEING-SO-MWAH!-UNDERSTANDING-AND-MWAH!-WONDERFUL-AND-FOR-DOING-YOUR-BEST-TO-MAKE-SURE-WE-DON'T-HAVE-TO-LEAVE-SAND-HILLS-CREEK-IN-COMPLETE-HUMILIATION-AND-DISGRACE" SPEECH.
?
SNF
GRUK
?
BP
KLAK
-HINK. HE WAS JUST SCARED.
WOULDN'T YOU BE? IF YOU'D JUST FOUND A HERO OF YOURS
GERTRUDE? GERTRUDE, OF COURSE, DOES NOT HAVE "HEROES". SO, YOU ARE CERTAIN, YOUR MAJ -- ehm -- "JAKA" THAT YOUR
COMPANION

DID NOT TAKE ONE OF THE ERNESTWAYS' GUNS?
YES. QUITE CERTAIN.
POSSESSION OF A FIREARM BY AN UNMARRIED INDIVIDUAL IS SUBJECT TO THE MOST SEVERE REPERCUSSIONS IMAGINABLE.
IT WAS A VERY SMALL TENT.
MEANING. WHAT...? EXACTLY.
MEANING... I-- I WOULD'VE SEEN IT IF IT HAD-- HAD BEEN THERE.
I'M SORRY. I REALLY FEEL TO LIVE POINT NOW. I STILL TIRE EA
GERTRUDE UNDERSTANDS. PLEASE NOTIFY GERTRUDE WHEN YOU ARE AWAKE AGAIN: WE WILL DISCUSS THEN THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE
flip flip
"LINE. OF TREES."
YES YES OF COURSE
CREAK
BIG TWO-HEADED MOUNTAIN
by HANK ERNESTWAY
CREAK
CREAK
Ka KLAK
KLAK


THMP
CEREBUS MUST REMEMBER TO ADD TO HIS SPEECH A PART ABOUT: "WHEN WE ARE IN GAARD-HILLS I SEEK YOU. MUST. NEVER. NEVER. NEVER. NEVER. EVEN AS A JOKE. MWAH SAY ANYTHING TO ANYONE. EVER. ABOUT CEREBUS BEING SCARED OR PEOPLE WILL THINK THAT CEREBUS IS A COWARD. LIKE. LIKE

CRIK
CRIK
CRINK
CRIK
WAP
FLOP
PLEASE.
STOP
FIDGETING...
OKAY

"I LEFT MISSY IN THE TENT."
"YOU WHAT?!"
I LEFT MISSY IN THE TENT. I WAS SO SURE I WAS COMING RIGHT BACK.
"? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
"? TO GET MISSY."
"OH CERBIE DON'T BE SILLY. IT'S JUST A DOLL."
MISSY IS NOT JUST A DOLL. MISSY IS

I WAS AS IF AS IF I HAD GOTTEN ALL PUCKED AND READY
FOR A REALLY IMPORTANT TRIP
AND THEN FOUND OUT I WASN'T GOING
AFTER ALL.
I WAS REALLY READY TO DIE
NAY. YOU WERE JUST REALLY HUNGRY. "READY TO DIE" COMES MUCH LATER. WHEN YOU ACTUALLY BEGIN TO STARVE. (AND NOT JUST "HAH, OUT LOUD.") CERBERUS KNOWS!
CERBERUS ISN'T STUPID!
(CERBERUS WAS JUST SAYING DON'T SHIT CERBERUS DOESN'T HAVE TO, BUT CERBERUS NEEDS DOG — SHH!
JAKA IS GOING TO START TALKING AGAIN AND SHE TOLD CERBERUS TO PAY ATTENTION SO SHHH!
(CRAIG ATE "SHAH!")
IT'S GOING TO SOUND CRAZY TO YOU. BUT IT'S TRUE: ONE OF THE REASONS I COULD FACE STARVATION SO CALMLY
(STARVATION? SHE WASN'T EVEN THAT HUNGRY- SHE ATE ALL THE BISCUIT! SH!
WELL SHE DID! SH!
KEEP YOUR HEAD DO
WAS THE FACT THAT AFTER WALKING THROUGH THAT HAILSTORM

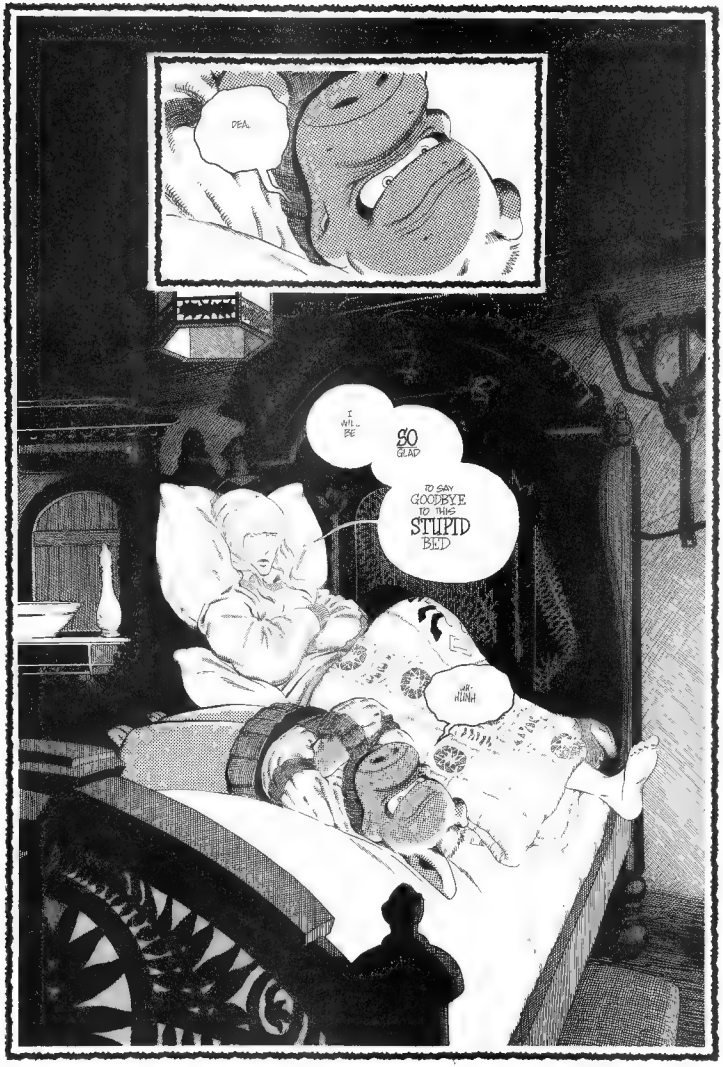
"KEEP YOUR HAND DOWN," YOU SAID. "PROTECT YOUR EYES."
"MY EYES?" I THOUGHT. "STILL WHAT ABOUT MY SKIN? WHAT ABOUT THE COMPLEXION THAT I'VE ..."
"BABIED AND PAMPERED SINCE I WAS TWELVE?"
CLEANSERS AND MOISTURIZERS. ALOE. CREAMS. LOTIONS. POTIONS
BY THE TIME THE HAIL HAD DIFFERED I WAS ALL OVER.
WHAT IS SHE TALKING ABOUT?
(CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW SHIT!)
I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO SEE IT I COULD FEEL IT. MY SKIN
MAYBE CEREBUS "READ" HIS SPEECH WRONG (OMAR SAID NOT TO UNDERSTAND BY EYE - BUT WHAT IS SHE TALKING ABOUT SHIN!
(SOMETHING ABOUT HER SKIN.)
AYE, BUT THAT'S WHAT CEREBUS DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.
HER SKIN DOESN'T LOOK ANY DIFFERENT.
SHOULD CEREBUS ASK?
NAY!
NAY CEREBUS DIDN'T THINK SO

SO REALLY I DON'T CARE ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.
IT'S NOTHING AGAINST YOU. IT'S NOTHING AGAINST YOUR FAR BITS.
IT'S NOTHING AGAINST SAND HILLS CREEK.
I JUST CAVE UP BACK IN THE TIME.
PARTLY BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SKIN.
PARTLY BECAUSE DEATH DOESN'T SOUND LIKE SUCH A BAD IDEA TO ME ANYMORE
I MAY NOT BE GOING ON THAT TRIP RIGHT AWAY.
BUT MY BAGS ARE STILL PACKED.
AND I'M STILL READY.
WHEN WE DO GET TO SAND HILLS CREEK,
EVERYTHING THAT I SAY, I WILL SAY
ONE PHRASE
OR ONE SENTENCE
AT A TIME
AND I WILL WATCH YOU
IF ANY PHRASE OR ANY SENTENCE COULD BE CONSIDERED "MOUTHING OFF" JUST
SCRATCH YOUR GOOD EAR
AND I'LL STOP. AND THEN YOU CAN SAY "WHAT JACA MEANT TO SAY WAS..."
AND THEN SAY WHATEVER YOU THINK IS BEST.

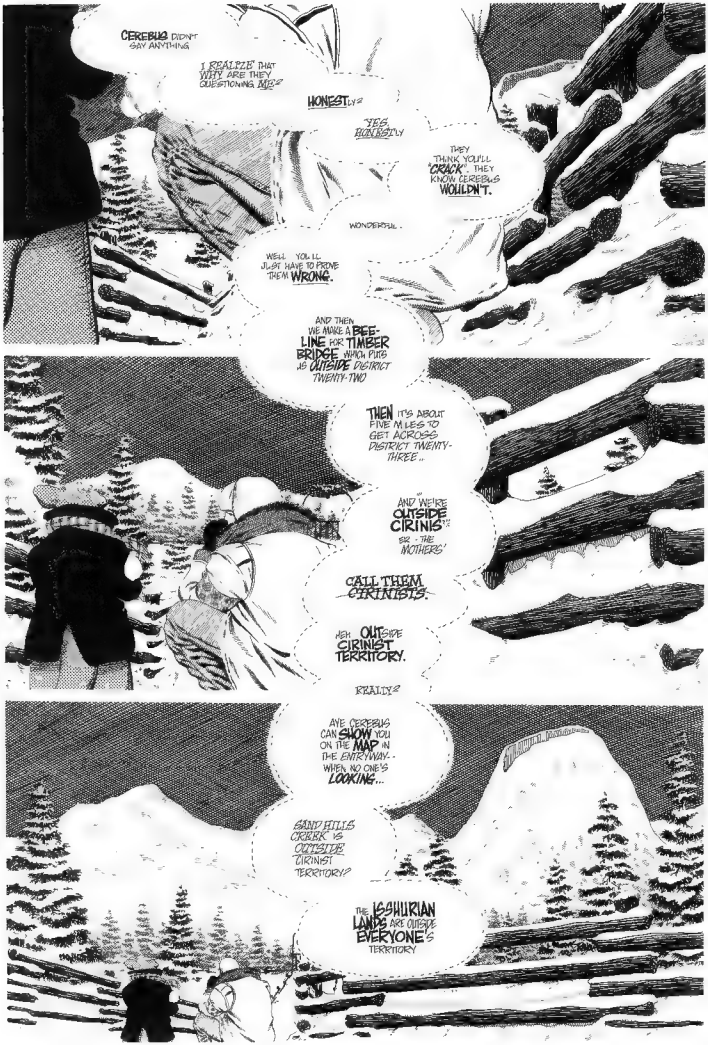
THAT'S THE WAY THE FAMILY RETAINERS TAUGHT ME FELINAN ETIQUETTE WHEN I WAS AN ADOLESCENT.
BELIEVE ME
IF I CAN MASTER TWENTY FIVE DIFFERENT WAYS TO SAY "HE...O" BASED ON RANK AND SENIORITY
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET THE HANG OF GENDER DISTINCTIONS IN A NORTHERN LOGGING AND FISHING COMMUNITY

HUNH. (WELL, THAT'S OKAY THEN) WHAT A RELIEF (AYE) HEH-HEH CEREBUS WAS SURE THAT SHE WAS

IN EXCHANGE THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO DO FOR ME.
(UH OH)
UH-OH
UH-OH
I WANT YOU TO TELL YOUR MOTHER THAT I HAVE A RARE FORM OF ENCEPHALITIS LETHARGICA SLEEPING SICKNESS.
" THAT I CONTRACTED ON A VISIT TO AFRICA WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.
I'M FINE - EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT -- AT ANY MOMENT OF THE DAY OR NIGHT "
I SUDDENLY HAVE TO FALL ASLEEP FOR AN UNKNOWN LENGTH OF TIME.
LIKE- UNTIL CEREBUS AND DAD GET BACK FROM BUILDING THE HOUSE?
I PROMISE TO NOT MAKE IT THAT OBVIOUS
DEAL?

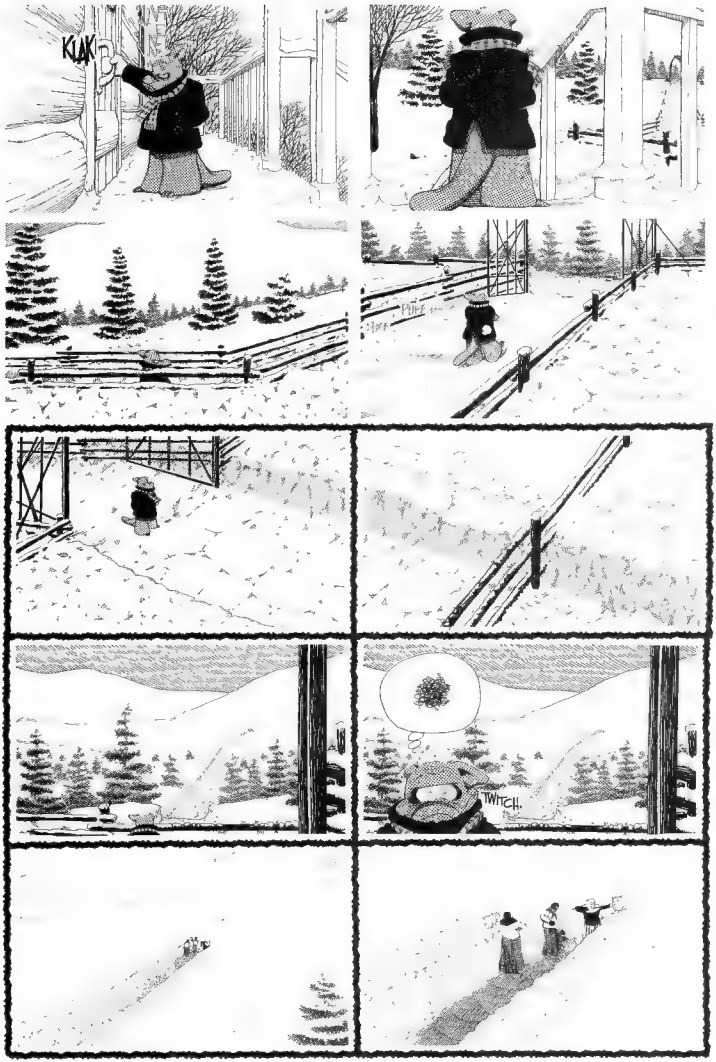

DEAR,
I WILL BE
SO GLAD
TO SAY GOODBYE TO THIS STUPID BED
HMM

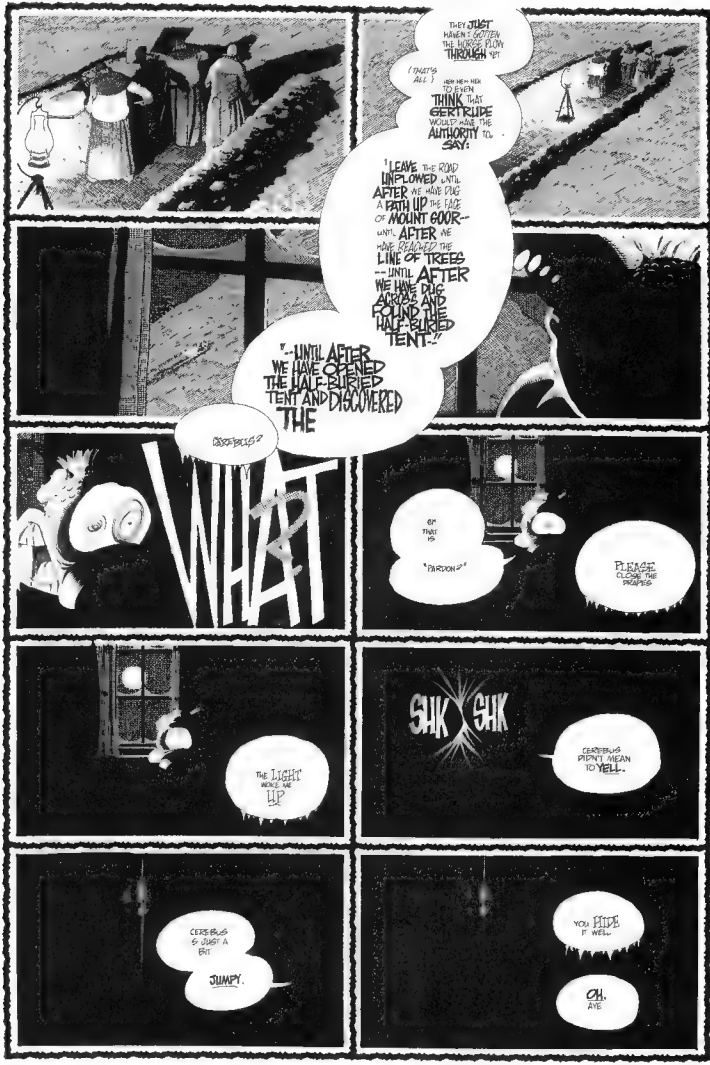
ARE YOU SURE WE'RE OKAY?
JUST KEEP YOUR HAND OVER YOUR MOUTH OR FACE AWAY FROM THE LODGE
IN CASE THEY'RE LIP-READING.
GERTRUDE KNOWS YOU HAD THE GUN
NAY-- SHE'S JUST ACTING AS IF SHE KNOWS.
BLOWING SMOKE.
SHE SAID THERE'S A SEARCH PARTY
BLOWING SMOKE
IT'S GOING TO TAKE THEM DAYS JUST TO DIG OUT TO THE ROAD
...
THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO GET UP TO THE TREE-LINE 'TIL SUMMER
AND THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT BY THEN EXCEPT SCRAPS OF CLOTH AND BITS OF METAL.
BUT...
BESIDES, WE'RE LEAVING THE MINUTE THE ROAD IS PASSABLE
MONTHS
BEFORE THEY'LL BE ABLE TO GET UP THE MOUNTAIN.
DON'T LET THEM RATTLE YOU.
I DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND WHY THEY'RE QUESTIONING ME. I HAVE DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY!
WHAT


CEREBUS DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING
I REALIZE THAT WHY ARE THEY QUESTIONING ME?
HONEST LY?
YES, HONESTLY
THEY THINK YOU'LL "CRACK". THEY KNOW CEREBUS WOULDN'T.
WONDERFUL.
WELL... YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO PROVE THEM WRONG.
AND THEN WE MAKE A BEE-LINE FOR TIMBER BRIDGE WHICH IS/IS OUTSIDE DISTRICT TWENTY-TWO
THEN IT'S ABOUT FIVE MILES TO GET ACROSS DISTRICT TWENTY-THREE..
AND WE'RE OUTSIDE CIRINIS!!
SIR - THE MOTHERS'
CALL THEM CIRINISTS.
AGH. OUTSIDE CIRINIST TERRITORY.
REALLY?
AYE. CEREBUS CAN SHOW YOU ON THE MAP IN THE ENTRYWAY - WHEN NO ONE'S LOOKING...
SAND HILLS CREEK IS OUTSIDE CIRINIST TERRITORY?
THE ISSHURIAN LANDS ARE OUTSIDE EVERYONE'S TERRITORY

NO ONE'S EVER CONQUERED ISSHURIA.
THE PIGTS COULDN'T DO IT.
THE BLACK TOWER EMPIRE COULDN'T DO IT
THE SEPRAN EMPIRE TRIED THREE TIMES. THEY COULDN'T DO IT
YOU'VE NEVER CALLED IT
COVER YOUR MOUTH.
YOU'VE NEVER CALLED IT ISSHURIA BEFORE JHAI...
...SAND HILLS CREEK.
CEREBUS DIDN'T WANT TO SCARE YOU.
UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE TO TURN BACK.
GOOD PLAN.
THANKS.

HEH. THAT WICKED REALLY WELL!
(AND)
THE LOOK ON HER FACE WHEN CEREBUS SAYS DYSSHURIAN LANDS.
(WELL, TECHNICALLY SAND HILLS CREEK ISN'T REALLY IN ISSHURIA)
OH. AYE. BUT JAKA DOESN'T KNOW THAT.
NOT ONLY WON'T SHE BE MOUTHING OFF SHE'LL BE GRATEFUL CEREBUS DOESN'T MAKE HER WEAR A VEIL AND WALK TWO
CREAK
CREAK
CREAK
CREAK
PERHAPS GERTRUDE IS MISTAKEN BUT ISN'T SAND HILLS CREEK ONE OF THOSE PLACES WHICH BOOM! DROPPED INTO "NO PERSON'S SEA" IN THE GREAT CONVULSION?
AH! WISH ALICE IS NOT SURE
NO NOR IS GERTRUDE. WHICH IS WHY GERTRUDE SAID "PERHAPS GERTRUDE IS MISTAKEN."
TO GERTRUDE OF COURSE IT SMALL AS MUCH ONE THING AS IT IS ANOTHER.
CREAK
CREAK
ONE SMALL AND USELESS LOGGING COMMUNITY WHICH HAS SUNK BENEATH THE WAVES NEVER TO RISE AGAIN...
CREAK
CREAK
IS THE SAME TO GERTRUDE AS ANY OTHER SMALL AND USELESS LOGGING COMMUNITY WHICH HAS BEEN PERHAPS DESTROYED IN A FIRE OR ABANDONED FLEEING
CREAK
KLAK
CEREBUS IS NOT GOING TO CRACK.
CEREBUS IS NOT GOING TO CRACK.
CEREBUS IS NOT
:(
GOING TO CRACK
CEREBUS IS NOT GOING TO CRACK


KLAK
TWITCH.


THEY JUST HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE HORSE FLOW THROUGH YET
THAT'S ALL!
YOU MEAN YOU EVEN THINK THAT GERTRUDE WOULD HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO SAY:
"I LEAVE THE ROAD UNPLOWED UNTIL AFTER WE HAVE DUG A PATH UP THE FACE OF MOUNT GOOR--UNTIL AFTER WE HAVE REACHED THE LINE OF TREES --UNTIL AFTER WE HAVE DUG ACROSS AND FOUND THE HALF-BURIED TENT--"
"--UNTIL AFTER WE HAVE OPENED THE HALF-BURIED TENT AND DISCOVERED THE
CERBERUS?
WHAT
OR THAT IS
"PARDON?"
PLEASE CLOSE THE DOOR!!
THE LIGHT WOKE ME UP
SHK SHK
CERBERUS DIDN'T MEAN TO YELL.
CERBERUS IS JUST A BIT
JUMPY.
YOU HIDE IT WELL.
OH. AYE.

TO HAM & HAM NOT

continued from last issue

Page 536 - *Journal* page 252

"But she didn't catch fire."

Directly after this, the typescript reads: "Roy ran around outside checking the damage to the plane, having ascertained that neither of us was seriously hurt." Interposed between "seriously" and "hurt" is a parenthetically rueful "(sic. - Jan. 24, 1955)" which, I have to confess, I hadn't noticed until now. Evidently Mary produced her typescript from the written diary on or around the first anniversary of the two plane crashes.

In light of the manifold modifications, tweakings and distortions which Mary made in transforming her typescript into the Africa chapter in *How It Was*, it would be interesting to see how much of a *comparable* mutation was involved in producing the typescript from the handwritten diary. I suspect, however, that -once the typescript was finished—Mary destroyed the autograph original for exactly that reason: what she had changed and omitted was more interesting than what she had transcribed verbatim and included. Which—given the "Recondite magazine interview," "kitten-brother" and the rest—really (gossip- and pornography-wise) beggars the imagination.

Pages 537-538 - *Journal* page 254

"but my heart pounded, to shake the earth it seemed, with the slightest movement."

This, and the fact that Papa is unable to find a pulse, interests me. I'm not sure what it *means*, but it interested me when I first read it in *How It Was* and it interests me now.

Page 538 - *Journal* page 254

"Better not to snore if you can help it. It is attracting the elephants."

If I'm right in thinking that Hemingway considered that eating lion would imbue him with leonine attributes and abilities, he seems to have proved himself to be something of an (*ahem*) *Cowardly* Lion with his rampant elephant paranoia at this point in the story.

When I woke up
Roy was taking off—
softly—to make an
arrow at the falls
pointing to where
we are camped.

Page 540 - *Journal* page 256

"Papa started down then came back..."

In "The Christmas Gift," EH goes on at considerable length about the elephants and his confrontations with them during the night ("He spread his ears wide. They looked to me to be about 60 feet wide but I know from seeing elephants in the daytime that they attain no such dimensions. He raised his trunk which appeared to me to be several hundred feet long but I also know that such dimensions are impossible.") and the next day ("I can recall stating to the elephant, 'Debark, you unspeakable elephant, before you are called upon to take the consequences.'").

Debark, you unspeakable elephant?

Given that he is already something of a poster boy for the voodoo profession, I am sure much could be made of Hemingway's account of his lengthy battle with a female elephant after Mary had departed for the boat:

The trunk of the elephant seemed at extremely close range a rather formidable object and the thing that I noticed about it most was that there was a strong odor from the tip and that the nose of the trunk was definitely pink on the inside. It also had a curious folding arrangement on the end.

"They were doubtful about our story of the fallen ndege..."

Interesting that, in Swahili, "ndege" means both "bird" and "airplane."

Page 541 - *Journal* page 257

"We went down slowly, seeing no elephants..."

In *How It Was*, Mary attempted to take the edge off the flat assertion by changing it to "seeing no *beasts*." She also added, "Elephants understand the smell of Africans, we had been told, and are less antagonized by it than they are by the scent of white people," by way of explaining how the two "boys" were able to chase away (so easily) the elephants which had been -according to *his* account—giving Papa such a devil of a hard time. In "The Christmas Gift," the female elephant "broke off the action and rejoined the other elephants, no one of which seemed particularly interested, although they talked a good deal among themselves and several bulls had their ears spread and seemed ready to participate in case their female champion should not gain the decision."

I think I'm safer in saying that there were *no elephants* than I would be in saying whether Old Imperial had an "askari" with him, let me put it that way.

Pages 542-543 - *Journal* page 258

"Going downriver..."

The boat in question, the S.S. Murchison, was used to transport cast and crew to and from the site where location filming for *The African Queen* took place. Hemingway seems to imply in "The Christmas Gift"

that it was the boat used *in* the movie, but, well, that's Hemingway for you.

"We went to a field which had been..."

The airfield or—by this point—the "airfield" had also been constructed to assist in the filming of *The African Queen*. Considering that three years had elapsed, it is no great surprise that the field was not in great shape.

Page 544 - *Journal* page 259

"Open the door..."

It wasn't until some time after I had drawn my part of this page that I really stopped to consider what was being said.

"Open the door."

It seemed odd that EH would say that, until I remembered that his right arm and shoulder had been injured in the first crash—severely enough that he was obviously favouring them. Although smaller and weaker, by virtue of having two serviceable arms and hands, Mary represented their best hope of getting out of the plane through one of the doors.

"I found it on the port side but couldn't budge it."

"Roy had gone forward, called to me, broken a window."

The very ancient chivalric notion: "Women and children first."

"I yelled at him to hurry..."

Basically, she leaves Hemingway behind to fry. What other interpretation is possible? A person of Hemingway's bulk was not going to fit through the window of a small plane. If he wasn't leaving by the *door*, he wasn't *leaving*. And the only person with two working hands and two working arms has just beat it *away* from the door as fast as possible.

Even more interesting are the modifications (emphasized here) in *How It Was* (page 484):

Roy had gone forward and broken a window and called to me to hurry there, *and Ernest, now working on the door* himself, yelled, "Follow Roy," I hesitated. Roy called again and *I ran up the aisle and pushed him through the open window head first.*

Mary added a handwritten annotation to page 259: "Using his head as a ram-rod, he had butted the door open." As Gerhard (who knows a good deal about the airplane in question) pointed out, this is comparable to head-butting the door on a Buick to get it open. The Hemingways are *both* prone to this kind of theatrical exaggeration of events. Whatever they are discussing requires very critical examination in any given circumstance. My best guess was that Hemingway got the door *open* with his one good hand and arm, but was unable to open it *far* enough to allow him to escape (because the door or the frame or both had been bent or buckled by the crash). But, even there—envisioning the episode as unfolding that way—it is hard to picture head-butting as the most viable solution. If I were trapped in a Buick and managed to get the door open, but not far enough, I think my next effort would be to kick it open. Even if kicking didn't work, head-butting would be very low on my list of options. I mean, maybe he *did*. That, coupled with the very heavy drinking which he continued to do, could certainly explain a lot of his...behavioural problems...after the crashes.

As with Mary literally jumping ship at the critical moment, nothing surprises me about these people. Ultimately, I believe, they were both capable of doing just about *anything* and then describing it just about *any way* after the fact. As an example, Hemingway describes, vividly, in "The Christmas Gift" the exact sound that the different liquor bottles made as they exploded in the flaming wreckage. Mary emphatically asserts that she was listening for explosions and heard none.

Page 547 - *Journal* page 260

"Nothing to it old boy - let's pour some gin on it."

Mary remarks a couple of times—the first when they went aboard the S.S. Murchison—that no one makes an effort to tend to Hemingway's wounds. Interesting that it never occurs to *her* either to tend to them *herself* or to suggest to *someone else* that he do so. McAdam as I didn't mention in the story because of the anachronism problem—was a surgeon. I think this was one of those times when the Hemingway "mystique" served him badly: if he's enough of a superman to survive two plane crashes in one day, why would he need medical attention?

The last entry is marked "*Entebbe [Uganda], Thursday, January 28th - Victoria Hotel*" and is interrupted mid-sentence. Page 261 of Horowitz-B. At that point I had to switch back to *How It Was* for the remainder of the story.

Page 549 - *How It Was*, page 489

"Papa continued his drinking and entertaining."

As I mentioned before, drinking of any kind—let alone the tippling Hemingway was doing at this time—is a recipe for disaster when coupled with even a minor concussion. The last complete sentence of page 261 of the *Journal* is: "The gin bottle of last night was finished this morning."

"The urine samples he keeps in glasses..."

Had to laugh when I read this part, having already extracted the following anecdote—which I had labelled "childishly blasphemous"—from Carlos Baker's Hemingway biography (page 521) where EH has been ordered confined to his bed by the company doctor during one of his myriad Hemingway ailments—this time at a command post near Rodenbourg:

The house was that of a priest who was said to have collaborated with the Germans. Ernest rummaged around until he found a store of sacramental wine. He took an almost maniacal delight in drinking the contents and then carefully urinating the bottles full again. He later explained that the bottles had served him in lieu of a chamber pot, since the thermometer stood at zero and he did not

want to risk his life 'with the fever and all' by going to the latrine downstairs. One further elaboration was that he labelled the bottles 'Schloss Hemingstein, 1944' and made the mistake of sampling one in the dark, thus proving the contention of the Biblical preacher that 'all is vanity.'

Drinks all of that sacramental wine and then—ten years later—in a burlesque of his own burlesque of transubstantiation has every surface in his bathroom covered with glasses full of his blood-permeated urine. Who *says* God doesn't have a sense of humour?

Page 550 - *How It Was*, page 494

"Ernest had taken an unreasonable dislike..."

"Papa had started ceremonies..."

Whatever neo-Paleolithic pagan impulse had compelled Papa to dye half of his Abercrombie & Fitch wardrobe a peculiar Wakamba red and to run around in the bush buck naked in the night proves itself regurgitative. As well, whatever brain damage he had sustained in the crashes (and which he was now—*actively*—worsening) is ably demonstrated by the following anecdote (sandwiched between the two entries above) in *How It Was*:

As Patrick [Hemingway's second son and his wife], *Henny and I breakfasted on March 3, planning to go fishing, Ernest called an inquiry about what bait we had. Patrick replied that we had squid "more or less in order," a phrase he may have picked up at Harvard.*

"I don't permit 'more or less in order,'" Ernest yelled from his end of the veranda.

He went on making a speech about responsibility and accuracy and the lack of them, a harangue so unfair and undeserved that I quaked. Tears filled Henny's eyes. At the end of the speech Patrick made a short reply. "I'm leaving," he said and left the table to give orders for the packing of their things and loading of them into his Land-Rover. In our hunting car I accompanied them to Mombassa to take luggage needing repairs and to buy food for camp. Henny sat with me on the journey north and we agreed that Ernest had not yet recovered noticeably from his concussion.

Mary and Henny Hemingway, mistresses of the understatement.

It is hard for me to imagine the nightmare existence that EH had—step by incremental step—chosen for himself: willfully separated from God's grace and, at this point, determinedly exploring still further the rugged badlands of free will's exercise, accelerating his downward spiral, worsening his delusional state until he had, seemingly, taken up permanent residence in some misty region of the imagination straddling those of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan the Apeman and Joseph Conrad's Colonel Kurtz ("The horror. The horror."), but without Burroughs' and Conrad's grasp of the fact that Rousseau's Noble Savage and the nobility of his savagery were all make-believe, raw fairy-tale material for a good "yarn" but—to say the least—worlds away from the ethics, habits and actions of God-fearing gentlemen. Burroughs and Conrad knew that. In a very real sense, without the anchor of genuine faith in God, Hemingway crossed the line between the reality of Burroughs and Conrad into the fantasy of Tarzan and Colonel Kurtz.

It seems to me that all paganism is, at essence, a fictitious dialogue between the sensible (man) and the insensible (Nature)—man, his imagination and his free will inciting reflections in Nature which pagan man variously uses to terrify himself, to reassure himself, and which pagan man likewise attempts—perniciously—to direct, manipulate or otherwise turn to his own real or imagined advantage.

How ancient are the Wakamba rituals of ear-piercing and face-cutting? To what extent are they intended to serve as propitiation of some aspect of Nature? That is, to create reflections favourable to the newly created warrior, reflections that have become automatic in Nature for the very reason that the ritual is invariable and, therefore, so too are the reflections invariable even as they are insensible. How misguided would you have to be as a lapsed Roman Catholic to embark on such a ritual, moving, specifically, from a state where *propitiation might* be real or *might* be imagined, a state where your own *bravery might* be real or might be imagined, and arriving at the specific threshold where *self-mutilation* becomes real (no imagination allowed), thus *making* your *bravery* real (no imagination allowed) and, thus, domino-like, *making* the *propitiation* real (no imagination allowed)...

...what sort of idiot (however drunk, however concussed, however brain-damaged) could fail to consider in advance of embarking on such a ritual—there in Conrad's very *Heart of Darkness*, the metaphor as real as the firelight before him, as real as the crushing spiritual weight of night on the Dark Continent all around him—what sort of idiot could fail to consider that there might be some *bad reflection*, some paganish price to be paid for failing to see the ritual through to its conclusion? All this, in addition to the rather largeish paganish "tab" one has already "run up" in realms where one does Not Eat Lion *BECAUSE*...and one does Not Allow One's Wife to Hunt Lion *BECAUSE*...And one does Not Allow One's Wife to Take Credit For Shooting a Lion She Did *Not* Shoot *BECAUSE*...

...realms where, if one is idiot enough to ask "BECAUSE *Why?*" one is very apt to receive a very eloquent, albeit insensible, answer.

Page 551 - *How It Was*, page 494

"...a mass of raw, burnt, burnt-smelling flesh..."

I consider *this* a *very* eloquent, albeit insensible, answer.

Hemingway is "hoist by his own petard," the failure of his own nerve, his own bravery in the Wakamba face-cutting ritual causing his nerve and his bravery to fail him in a *different* way shortly thereafter. Sheer foolishness for a man with a badly dislocated right arm and shoulder to attempt to beat out a brush fire. It is as if his bravery, skewed by the abandonment of the face-

cutting ritual, merges with his death wish/accident prone/exhibitionist/hypochondriac nature and compels him to seek out the severe burning he narrowly escaped in the second crash.

"There! That's more *like* it."

Pages 552-553 - *How It Was*, pages 495 and 498

"...I ached with sympathy..."

"Is there anything - nothing - I can do?"

I had to laugh at this part as well. This actually took place aboard ship ("...but promptly arranged a schedule of escaping soon after breakfast to the decks, the cheerful outdoor swimming pool with its children's slide down into the water, or the air-conditioned public rooms and several bars, each one installed exactly where a passenger might feel pangs of thirst.")

True female love.

What is equally interesting and (to me) humorous is that the Hemingways didn't go home or directly to the nearest world-class medical facility. Seriously. They went on with the next part of the holiday. Papa stays in bed, but there's no reason *wifey* should miss out on things. ("The Muslim bazaar in Cairo offered temptations to some of which I succumbed, acquiring a camel saddle, an inlaid leather pouf, a round air-inflated stool which became useful as a sit-on thing in the library at the Finca Vigia.") Must've been a source of great comfort to EH, as they inched towards Europe, that he now had a "sit-on thing" for his library.

They check into the Gritti Palace Hotel in Venice where he finally gets some medical attention.

With Federico acting as executive officer, Venice's best doctors and internists and brain and spine men were brought in to inspect Ernest back at the Gritti Palace, and X-rays and new assortments of pain-relievers were prescribed.

Meanwhile Ernest decided that I should have a break from my job as bumbling nurse and whipping boy for his frayed nerves, and on the telephone to Paris, London and Madrid, arranged a holiday for me from his bedside. I would see my London friends for Easter, I would join Rupert Bellville in Paris to drive south for the spring ferias *in Sevilla and Ronda, then to Madrid where we would rendezvous with him. Walking to a semi-farewell lunch at Harry's bar, Ernest noticed something special in his favorite jewelry shop, an antique necklace and bracelet of black and white and gold enamel and garnets delicately designed as blackamoor heads, and promptly bought them for me.*

And off she goes! To call this part of *How It Was* ebullient is to gravely understate the case. The ensuing six pages flash by the reader like a radiant series of lap-dissolves in a Grace Kelly feature. Paris! ("...my old friend the Ritz chauffeur Georges Mabilat shepherded me cheerfully to the hotel where they gave me a room under the eaves with a bathroom thrice its size.") *Alors!* ("The light in the Place Vendrome below my windows was bleak, dark grey. The telephones of my friends *ne repondaient pas.*") *Pauvre, Marie! Pauvre!* London! ("A call was waiting for me at the Dorchester Hotel.") Paris again! ("Pamela Churchill gave me tea that Tuesday in her sumptuous flat near the Seine, Loel and Gloria Guinness gave me dinner that night at Maxim's...") Biarritz! ("...we made rendezvous with Adamo, our chauffeur from Udine, whom Ernest had sent ahead with a Lancia full of luggage.") Madrid! ("...off we rushed, and reached the Palace Hotel in Madrid—from Aranda de Duero—in time to settle rooms, lunch at Pulpito, and reach the bullring for a *novillada*.") Cordoba! Sevilla! Jerez de la Frontera! Algeciras! Jerez again (and now on a first name basis)! Ronda! Malaga! Granada!

You may have to chalk it up to a divorced guy's sense of humour, but I couldn't get enough of this stuff. And she has *no* idea how it *reads, obviously*. I couldn't wait for Kentucky Fried Papa to turn up again. Oh, wait. Here he comes now. Let's follow Mary and her good friend Rupert Bellville in his sports car. Miss Kelly? You're wanted on the set. Aaaand. ACTION!

We stopped a night and a morning in Granada so that I could explore all too quickly the Alhambra and the glorious gardens of the Generalife, then we raced through flowering fields to the Palace Hotel, Madrid, and an excited brouhaha of reunion with Ernest, with waiters bustling in with drinks and snacks and buckets of ice, questions spilling out, answers unheeded. I was entranced to be with my husband again, but his face showed new lines of weariness. He did not look or act as much improved as I had hoped.

After the usual tumultuous luncheon, with ten or twelve at table, we moved in caravan on May 15 to Madrid's larger of two bullrings for the opening bullfight of the fiesta of San Isidro, Madrid's patron saint. In cold rain we stood outside the doors in a growing crowd for fifteen minutes before it was announced that the fight was canceled. Ernest and I had a couple of hours in our room without visitors and, although we had written back and forth, I finally heard something of the conscienceless treatment he had suffered from the doctors in Venice, how he had been made to wait, stripped, on an icy table in the hospital's X-ray room half an hour before the technician arrived to take pictures, how some heavy-handed doctor bruised his bladder while making a kidney test, how nobody professed any interest in prescribing a regimen to reduce his blood pressure which was 180 over 120. But Federico Kechler had kindly stayed with him through all the rough time at the hospital, a prop for his morale. He had wired me at Sevilla that his liver, internal injuries and spine were all curing, but that had been less fact then morale-booster for me.

A *morale-booster*! For *HER*! The bleak, dark grey light below her windows in the Place Vendrome must've been a crippling emotional blow from which she would not soon recover.

What. A. Mind. Boggling. Gender.

Even with Pulitzer Prize-winning author Ernest Hemingway footing the bill, every Grace Kelly picture—eventually—has to reach the end of the second reel. The plane crashes took place on the 23rd of January. *Guess* when they finally headed home. Go on. *Guess.*

On June 6 [!], *with a handful of photographers clicking away in the rain, we went aboard the* Francesco Morosini *at Genoa, to settle into two separate cabins—since Ernest was still staying awake to read half the night, and the best cabins were very small—for what turned out to be the only ocean crossing I ever made that seemed more dull than shiny.*

Two separate cabins. EH must've been *heartbroken* at the separation. And get that: "more dull than shiny." She should've *said* something. No doubt Hemingway could've arranged for a fleet of helicopters to fly in the Tommy Dorsey band from the mainland or the chorus line from Radio City Music Hall or something. What sort of a half-assed ending *is* this for a Grace Kelly picture? Mary continues:

At Naples Ernest lazed at a table in the Galleria talking to reporters while I buzzed out to Pompeii to marvel at its brilliantly designed water supply system, at the comfortably declined floor of the dining room in the Vetti brothers' house, so that reclining on their couches while dining they could enjoy the spaces and flowers of their patio, and at the "forbidden" room with its carved male figures with penises as big as modern kitchen water faucets. The murals in the room showing three different positions of love-making were disillusioning. The expressions on the faces of the women were pleasant, but not eager, excited, desperate, yearning, nor even contentedly satisfied.

Cut. Cut. Forget the slow pan across the murals. What sort of a lousy half-assed ending *is* this for a Grace Kelly picture? I ask you.

Almost *six months* EH has been schlepping around Africa and Europe with broken this, fractured that, Kentucky Fried from head-to-toe, and he finally loses it:

Perhaps because of boredom Ernest nagged me at lunch one day because I had failed to get repaired in Paris a pocketknife he had entrusted to me for that purpose. Because of the Easter weekend moratorium on repair work, the Paris knife people had been unable to do the job, had returned the knife to me, and I had packed it away, but where among our eighty-seven pieces of luggage I couldn't remember. A tide of fury engulfed my husband at my memory failure, and he yelled, "You thief," instantly creating a hush in the small dining room. Perhaps I should have stood up and addressed the company, explaining that I had not stolen his pocketknife but only mislaid it. Instead I finished my coffee quietly. That afternoon I wrote him a note: "Dear Big Kitten—Your books, Green Hills *and* Death in the Afternoon *show that you used to understand justice and that other people also had feelings and truthfulness...I hope for your sake especially, and for all us friends and lovers of yours that you have not completely lost those qualities."*

I *howled* with laughter. Just *howled.* How many thousands of dollars do you suppose she ran through in the first two reels of her own private Grace Kelly picture? I know. I don't want to guess either. And here, poor old Tom Sawyer, who's paying the tab, just wants his pocketknife repaired. Any woman in the world has got to think that would be an okay deal. "Let me get this straight. I get to stay at the Ritz Hotel in Paris, the Dorchester in London, Biarritz, Madrid, Cordoba, Sevilla, Granada and all these other places—all expenses paid. And all I have to do is get one pocketknife repaired?"

Note, I said "woman"—not "wife." Not only doesn't she get it *repaired*—she doesn't know were it *is* in their *Eighty-Seven* Pieces of Luggage! And when Huckleberry Finn blows a gasket over it, he ends up getting a lecture about "justice" and "feelings" and "truthfulness." As I say, I just howled.

Meanwhile, Princess Grace is still scouting locations for the end of the movie:

From Gregorio Fuentes, Pilar's *mate, we had heard for years of the glories of Tenerife in the Canary Islands, his homeland. After the orange-roofed good cheer of Funchal and the clean Portuguese-governed islands of Madeira we expected something maybe not cleaner, but more dramatic. Ashore at Tenefife we walked through* [a] *hodgepodge of undistinguished architecture to Gregorio's prided market and found it dirty and crowded, fruits, vegetables and fish looking old and tired and poorly displayed, too many flies and a prevalence of skin diseases among the market vendors. Jacaranda trees flowering lavender against the blue sky, and waves of bougainvillaea and hibiscus along the principal boulevard of the town gave us some consolation.*

You can't shoot Grace Kelly against a backdrop of market vendors with skin diseases! What. Is. The. *Matter.* With. You. People. All right, all right. We'll shoot it against the Jacaranda trees, the bougainvillaea and the hibiscus.

(Just to be serious for a moment: Gregorio Fuentes was considered by Mary and Ernest Hemingway to be closer to them both than were most members of their respective immediate families. That their experience in his beloved Tenerife had been so wretched would indicate to me just what a shambles their marriage was in at this point—whether either of *them* was aware of it or not.)

continued next issue